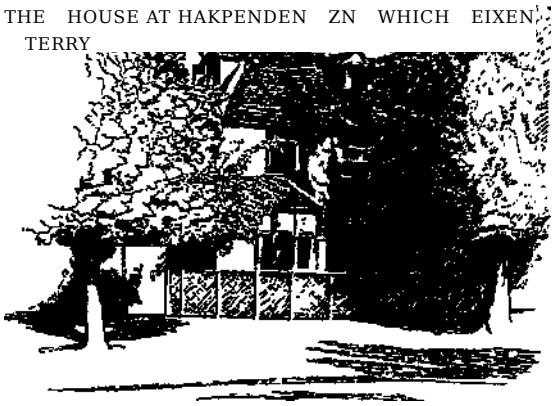
You can't force a goat any more than you can force a child to live the simple life. " N'Yawk's the place," said the child of a Bowery tenement in New York, on the night of her return from an enforced sojourn in Arcady. She hated picking daisies, and drinking rich new milk made her sick. When the kind teacher who had brought her to the country strove to impress her by taking her to see a cow milked, she remarked witheringly to the man who was milking: ″ Gee ! You put it in ! "

Rachael's sentiments were of the same type, I think. "Back to the circus *I*″ was his cry, not " Back to the

THE HOUSE AT HAKPENDEN ZN WHICH EIXEN TERRY



land!"

I hope, when he felt the sawdust under his feet again (I think Charles Reade sent Mm back to the ring), he remembered his late master with gratitude. To how many animals, and not only four-footed ones, was not Charles Reade generously kind, and to none of them more kind than to Ellen Terry.